The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

From *Tuesday November* 22. to *Thursday November* 24. 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 23.

I READ the following Letter, which was left for me this Evening, with very much Concern for the Lady's Condition who sent it, who expresses the State of her Mind with great Frankness, as all People ought who talk to their Physicians.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'THO' you are stricken in Years, and have had great Experience in the World, I believe you will say, there are not frequently such difficult Occasions to act in with Decency as those wherein I am entangled. I am a Woman in Love, and that you will allow to be the most unhappy of all Circumstances in human Life: Nature has formed us with a strong Reluctance against owning such a Passion, and Custom has made it criminal in us to make Advances. A Gentleman, whom I will call *Fabio*, has the entire Possession of my Heart. I am so intimately acquainted with him, that he makes no Scruple of communicating to me an ardent Affection he has for *Cleora*, a Friend of mine, who also makes me her Confident. Most Part of my Life I am in Company with the one of the other, and am always entertained with his Passion, or her Triumph. *Cleora* is one of those Ladies, who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and without any Delicacy of Choice, resolves to take the best Offer which shall be made to her. With this Prospect she puts off declaring her self in Favour of *Fabio*, till she sees what Lovers will fall into her Snares, which she lays in all Publick Places with all the Art of Gesture and Glances. This Resolution she has her self told me. Tho' I love him better than Life, I would not gain him by betraying *Cleora*, or committing such a Trespass against Modesty, as letting him know I my self love him. You are an Astrologer, What shall I do?

Diana Doubtful.

This Lady has said very justly, that the Condition of a Woman in Love is of all others the most miserable. Poor *Diana*! How must she be tacked with Jealousy when *Fabio* talks of *Cleora*? How with Indignation when *Cleora* makes a Property of *Fabio*? A Female Lover is in the Condition of a Ghost, that wanders about its beloved Treasure, without Power to speak 'till it is spoken to. I desire *Diana* to continue in this Circumstance; for I see an Eye of Comfort in her Case, and will take all proper Measures to extricate her out of this unhappy Game of cross Purposes. Since *Cleora* is upon the Catch with her Charms, and has no particular Regard for *Fabio*, I shall place a couple of special Fellows in her Way, who shall both address to her, and have each a better Estate than *Fabio*. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her Retinue the ensuing Winter. To Women of this worldly Turn, as I apprehend *Cleora* to be, we must reckon backward in our Computation of Merit, and when a fair Lady thinks only of making her Spouse a convenient Domestick, the Notion of Worth and Value is altered, and the Lover is the more acceptable, the less he is considerable. The Two I shall throw in the Way of *Cleora*, are, *Orson Thicket* and Mr. *Walter Wisdom*. *Orson* is an Huntsman, whose Father's Death, and some Difficulties about Legacies, brought out of the Woods to Town last *November*. He was at that Time one of those Country Salvages who despise the Softness they meet in Town and Court, and professedly show their Strength and Roughness in every Motion and Gesture, in Scorn of our Bowing and Cringing. He was at his first Appearance very remarkable for that Piece of good Breeding peculiar to natural *Britons*, to wit, Defiance. He showed every one he met he was as good a Man as he. But in the Midst of all this Fierceness, he would sometimes attend the Discourse of a Man of Sense, and look at the Charms of a Beauty with his Eyes and Mouth open. He was in this Posture when, in the Beginning of last *December*, he was shot by *Cleora* from a Side-Box--- From that Moment he softened into Humanity, forgot his Dogs and Horses, and now moves and speaks with Civility and Address. *Wat. Wisdom*, by the Death of an elder Brother, came to a great Estate, when he had proceeded just far enough in his Studies to be very impertinent, and at the Years when the Law gives him Possession of his Fortune, and his own Constitution is too warm for the Management of it. *Orson* is learning to fence and dance, to please and fight for his Mistress; and *Walter* preparing fine Horses, and a gingling Chariot, to enchant her. All Persons concerned will appear at the next Opera, where will begin the Wild-Goose Chase; and I doubt, *Fabio* will see himself so overlooked for *Orson* or *Walter*, as to turn his Eyes on the modest Passion and becoming Languor in the Countenance of *Diana*; it being my Design to supply with the Art of Love all those who preserve the sincere Passion of it.

From Will's Coffee-house, November 23.

An ingenious and worthy Gentleman, my ancient Friend, fell into Discourse with me this Evening upon the Force and Efficacy which the Writings of good Poets have on the Minds of their intelligent Readers, and recommended to me his Sense of the Matter, thrown together in the following Manner, which he desired me to communicate to the Youth of *Great Britain* in my Essays; which I chuse to do in his own Words.

I have always been of Opinion, (says he) that Virtue sinks deepest into the Heart of Man, when it comes recommended by the powerful Charms of Poetry. The most active Principle in our Mind is the Imagination: To it a good Poet makes his Court perpetually, and by this Faculty takes Care to gain it first. Our Passions and Inclinations come over next; and our Reason surrenders it self with Pleasure in the End. Thus the whole Soul is insensibly betrayed into

to Morality, by bribing the Fancy with beautiful and agreeable Images of those very Things, that in the Books of the Philosophers appear austere, and have at the best but a kind of forbidden Aspect. In a Word, the Poets do, as it were, strew the rough Paths of Virtue so full of Flowers, that we are not sensible of the Uneasiness of them, and imagine our selves in the Midst of Pleasures, and the most bewitching Allurements, at the Time we are making a Progress in the severest Duties of Life.

All then agree, that licentious Poems do of all Writings soonest corrupt the Heart: And why should we not be as universally perswaded, that the grave and serious Performances of such as write in the most engaging Manner, by a kind of divine Impulse, must be the most effectual Perswasives to Goodness? If therefore I were blessed with a Son, in order to the forming of his Manners, (which is making him truly my Son) I should be continually putting into his Hand some fine Poet. The graceful Sentences, and the manly Sentiments so frequently to be met with in every great and sublime Writer, are, in my Judgment, the most ornamental and valuable Furniture that can be for a young Gentleman's Head; methinks they shew like so much rich Embroidery upon the Brain. Let me add to this, That Humanity and Tenderness (without which there can be no true Greatness in the Mind) are inspired by the Muses in such pathetical Language, that all we find in Prose-Authors towards the raising and improving of these Passions, is in Comparison but cold, or luke-warm at the best. There is besides a certain Elevation of Soul, a sedate Magnanimity, and a noble Turn of Virtue, that distinguishes the Hero from the plain, honest Man, to which Verse can only raise us. The bold Metaphors and sounding Numbers, peculiar to the Poets, rouze up all our sleeping Faculties, and alarm the whole Powers of the Soul, much like that excellent Trumpeter mentioned by *Virgil*.

——— Quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu.

I fell into this Train of Thinking this Evening, upon reading a Passage in a Mask writ by *Milton*, where two Brothers are introduced seeking after their Sister, whom they had lost in a dark Night and thick Wood. One of the Brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering Virgin should be overpowered with Fears through the Darkness and Loneliness of the Time and Place. This gives the other Occasion to make the following Reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my Age, and renewed in me the warm Desires after Virtue, so natural to uncorrupted Youth.

I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's Book,
And the sweet Peace that Goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single Want of Light and Noise
(Not being in Danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant Mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming Plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant Light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude:
Where, with her best Nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her Feathers, and lets grow her Wings,
That in the various Bustle of Resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has Light within his own clear Breast,
May sit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright Day:
But he that hides a dark Soul, and foul Thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own Dungeon.

Advertisements.

*** ICONOLOGIA, or Moral Emblems, by Cæsar Ripa; wherein are express'd various Images of Virtues, Vices, Passions, Arts, Humours, Elements, and Celestial Bodies, as design'd by the ancient Ægyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Modern Italians: Useful for Orators, Poets, Painters, Sculptors, and all Lovers of Ingenuity whatsoever. Illustrated with 326 Human Figures, with their Explanations, newly designed and engraven by J. Fisher, and other Masters. The Cries and Habits of the City of London, every Figure drawn after the Life, by Mr. Lauroon; printed on 74 half Sheets of Paper. Printed, and sold by P. Tempest at the Golden Head in James-street Covent-Garden, and at the Italian Coffee-house in Katherine-street in the Strand.

To all Lovers of MUSICK.

Whereas in the Post-Man of Saturday last, Mr. Topham has published, that I have printed a spurious Edition of his Sonata's, and maliciously underscribed them; now the only true Reason of my reprinting these Sonata's, is by way of Reprizal on Luke Pippard, who has lately copied on me the Opera of Clotilda, tho' in a very imperfect Manner. To discourage such Practices, I hereby give Notice, that I have reprinted a Second Edition of the said Sonata's, and sell them for 2 s. 6 d. the Set, which is of a finer Character and more correct than the said Pippard's Edition. The like Method of Reprizal will be used on the said Pippard, let who will be the Authors of the Musick. Witness my Hand John Walsh. Sold at my Shop at the Harp in Catherine-street in the Strand, and by J. Hare at the Viol and Flute in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange. John Walsh.

*** The Principles of Deism truly represented, and set in a clear Light. In Two Dialogues, between a Serpent and a Deist. The First, concerning the Christian Revelation: The Second, concerning natural Religion. The Second Edition, corrected. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

A Perfect Cure for the Asthma by an Elixir, (a pleasant and innocent Medicine) to be taken in Drops, which has done Wonders in that Case; but the Authors saying to being not so convincing as trying it will be, he desires you would for your own Sakes, when, it it does no Good, can do no Harm to the Body, nor much to the Purse in laying out 3 s. 6 d. which is the Price of a Bottle. To be had only at Mr. Lawrence's, a Toyshop at the Griffin the Corner of Bucklersbury, Poultry.

*** The famous Medicine for curing the Cholick, that has for some Time been sold by Mr. Rogers, Bookseller in Fleet-street, at 2 s. and 6 d. the Paper, has lately cur'd a Gentlewoman near Tunbridge of above 70 Years old, who had been afflicted with that Distemper at Times for above 40 Years, and for above half a Year last past had it without any Intermission, as appears by a Letter from a Friend of the Gentlewoman's sent to Mr. Rogers, dated July 9. 1709. which is to be seen at his Shop by any one that desires it.

THE Queen's Bagnio in Long-Acre, is made very convenient for both Sexes to sweat and bath privately every Day in the Week, and cupp'd to the last Perfection (by having the best and newest Instrument for that Purpose). It is sufficiently evident, that it exceeds all others, by being more and constantly frequented by the Nobility and Gentry. Pr. 5 s. for one single Person; but if Two or more come together, 4 s. each. There is no Entertainment for Women after 12 a Clock at Night; but all Gentlemen that desire Beds, may have them for 2 s. per Night. Henry Ayne.

If any Persons desire to be cupp'd at their own House, he will wait on them himself, he having had the Honour to give a general Satisfaction to the Nobility in the Performance of that Art, which he has acquired to a Nicety by a long and great Practice. Note, That his Way of cupping is the very same as was us'd by the late Mr. Verdue deceas'd.

*** The Most Noble Volatile Smelling-Bottle in the World; which smell'd to, Momentarily relieves the most dismal Fainting, or Swooning Fits, and in a Minute removes Flushings, Vapours, Dulness, Head-Ach, Megrims, &c. It takes off all Heavy Sleepiness, retards Swoonings, keeps up the Spirits to a Miracle; and by its Use admits of no Faintings, but invigorates and enlivens the whole Man, recreates and makes chearful although never so sad, and in a Moment raises all the sensitive Faculties. It's also to be taken inwardly by Drops, which effectually takes off and eradicates the very Cause; for it potently relieves, comforts, and strengthens the Brain, creates and corroborates a Stomach, removes Sickness from it, helps Digestion, cleanses the Blood; and in a Word, is the greatest Cephalick, Stomatick, Hepatick, and powerful Aromatick possible; therefore is extream necessary for all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. always to be carried in their Pockets. Is only sold at Mr. King's, Picture-shop, in the Poultry, and at Mr. Overton's, at the Golden Buck, Picture-shop, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, at 2 s. and 6. d. each with printed Directions.

*** The Peerage of England, or an Historical and Genealogical Account of the present Nobility. Containing, the Descent, Original, Creations, and most remarkable Actions of them, and their respective Ancestors. Also the chief Titles of Honour and Preferment they now enjoy: With their Marriages and Issue, continu'd down to this present Year 1709. and the Paternal Coats of Arms of each Family in Blazon. Collected as well from our best Historians, publick Records, and other sufficient Authorities, as from the personal Informations of most of the Nobility. To which is prefix'd, An Introduction of the present Royal Family of Great Britain, traced thro' its several Branches down to this Time, and terminating with the Protestant Succession as settled by Act of Parliament. Printed for Abel Roper and Arthur Collins, at the Black Boy in Fleet-street. Price 6 s. N. B. There's a small Number printed on a large fine Paper. Price bound 10 s.

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